

# YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

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7

YELLOWJACKET SMASHES  
A MURDER RING IN THE  
ADVENTURE OF "THE  
LONELY ONES"



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# YELLOWJACKET

VINCE HARLEY, DETECTIVE STORY WRITER, SMASHES A RACKET WHICH SPELLS DEATH TO UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE WHEN HE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF YELLOWJACKET AND BREAKS UP A MURDER RING IN THE CASE OF "THE LONELY ONES!"



IT IS A FOGGY NIGHT--AND OUT OF THE FOG ADVENTURE WILL COME TO VINCE HARLEY!

BRR! WHAT A NIGHT! I SURE HATE TO DRIVE OVER THE BRIDGE IN THIS FOG BUT THERE'S NO HELPING IT--IT'S THE ONLY WAY HOME!



LATER--

HELP!  
MURDER!  
HELP!

OH-OH--IT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE THERE, AND THAT MEANS YELLOWJACKET STARTS BUZZING AROUND!





ASSUMING THE ROLE OF YELLOWJACKET, HARLEY SWINGS INTO ACTION.

HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!

HELP!

LET HIM ALONE, YOU RATS!

WHO?

THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SNOOPER!

I'M MAKING THIS MY BUSINESS!

BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THERE!

OWW!

OKAY, LET'S GET THIS GUY OVER!

YEAH! IT'S TAKIN' TOO LONG!

THIS IS A JOB FOR MY BEES!

BEES! TO ME!



THE TRAINED BEES HEAR THEIR MASTER'S VOICE AND WING FROM THE SPECIAL COMPARTMENT IN HIS CAR---

THOSE TWO MEN, MY FAITHFUL BEES!

YEEOW! BEES!

AN' THEY'RE STINGIN' ME!



I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!



ENOUGH! BACK TO THE CAR!



THAT'S A NASTY CUT ON HIS HEAD! I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY APARTMENT AND FIX HIM UP-- MAYBE HE'LL HAVE A STORY TO TELL!



SOME TIME LATER AT HARLEY'S APARTMENT---

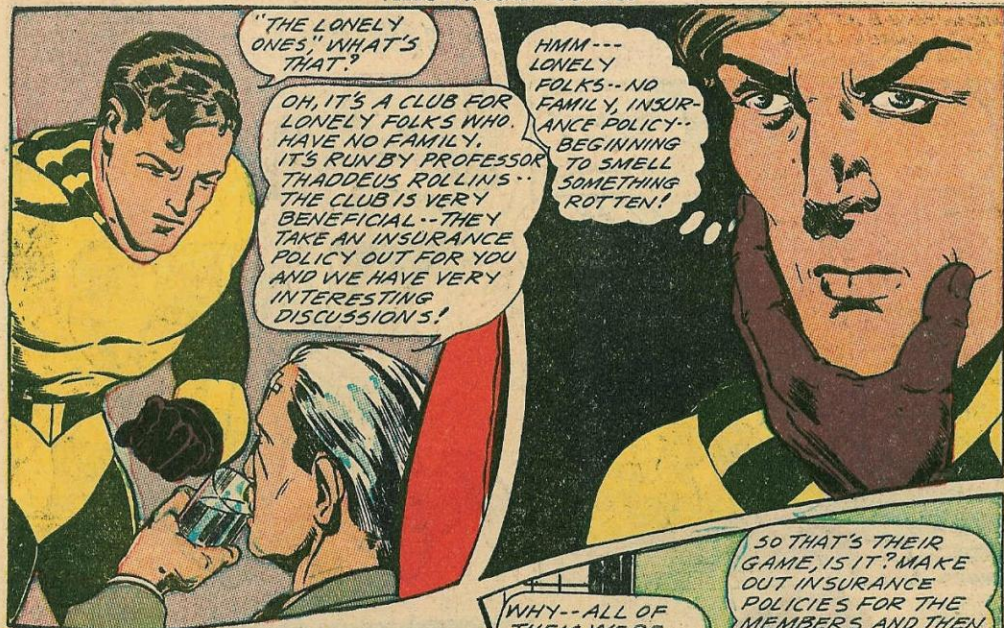
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING-- WHO ARE YOU?

THEY CALL ME YELLOWJACKET! HOW DID YOU EVER GET IN THAT NESS?



MY NAME IS ALFRED HECKER! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE MEN WHO ATTACKED ME IN MY LIFE-- I DON'T KNOW ANYONE HERE, EXCEPT A FEW MEMBERS OF THE "LONELY ONES!"







MEANWHILE AT THE OFFICE OF  
"THE LONELY ONES"---

WELL, WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOU?

BOSS--WE  
TRIED BUT WE  
WERE INTERRUPTED!

BY  
BEES!

CLUMSY MORONS! I SEE IF I  
WANT A JOB DONE, I MUST DO  
IT MYSELF!

OW--BUT--  
BOSS---

HECKER WAS  
NEXT ON THE  
ROSTER! HE WAS  
HEAVILY INSURED  
AND WE NEED  
THE DOUGH. I  
SEE WHERE I'LL  
HAVE TO HANDLE  
THE NEXT ONE  
IN MY OWN  
WAY!

IN THE CLUBROOMS OF  
"THE LONELY ONES"---

GOOD  
EVENING,  
PROFESSOR  
ROLLINS!

GOOD EVENING!  
OH, MISS  
CARTER!

YES?

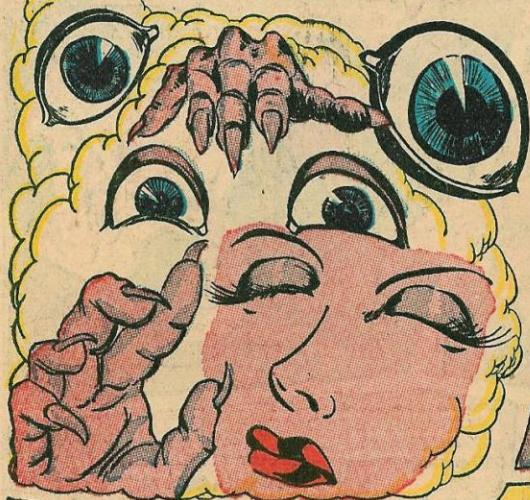
PLEASE STEP INTO  
MY OFFICE FOR A  
MOMENT! I WANT TO  
DISCUSS SOMETHING  
WITH YOU!

CERTAINLY,  
PROFESSOR!

NOW, MISS CARTER--  
RELAX AND LOOK INTO MY  
EYES--LOOK INTO THEM  
DEEPLY!



THE GIRL LOOKS INTO THE PROFESSOR'S EYES AND SLOWLY SLIPS INTO A DEEP SLEEP.



FINE -- YOU ARE IN MY POWER NOW! YOU WILL LEAVE HERE -- WALK TO JAY AND THIRD ST. AND JUMP UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE FIRST TRUCK THAT COMES ALONG -- NOW -- WAKE UP!



I-I... THAT IS -- I MUST LEAVE NOW, PROFESSOR! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT JAY AND THIRD STREETS!

ALL RIGHT, MISS CARTER, GOODBYE!



HA! SOON SHE WILL BE DEAD AND THEN WE COLLECT ON HER POLICY! THE POOR FOOL!



MEANWHILE YELLOWJACKET IS LOOKING THE SITUATION OVER ---



SO THAT'S THE CLUBHOUSE -- I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT ---

YOU MIGHT THINK YOU KNOW BUT I'M TELLIN' YA -- GET YER HANDS UP --- HIGH!



UH? WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THERE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN!



# YELLOWJACKET COMICS

HIS CAPTOR LEADS YELLOWJACKET TO THE PROFESSOR'S OFFICE---

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?  
WELL, MATLING, YOU MADE  
QUITE A HAUL! HE IS NONE  
OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS  
YELLOWJACKET!

BOSS, DAT'S  
DA GUY WHAT  
BUSTED UP  
DAT DEAL  
ON DA  
BRIDGE!



WHAT WERE YOU  
DOING HERE? ANSWER  
ME! WHAT DO YOU  
WANT HERE? LOOK  
INTO MY EYES!

THEY ARE  
VERY PRETTY!  
BLUE, I THINK!



YOU INSOLENT  
DOG! I'LL TEACH  
YOU TO MEDDLE  
IN MY AFFAIRS!

WELL--THAT  
MIGHT BE SO--  
BUT---



LIKE AN ANGRY WASP, YELLOWJACKET  
SWINGS INTO ACTION---

FIRST, WE'LL  
TAKE THIS  
LITTLE TOY  
AWAY FROM  
YOU!

OWW! MY WRIST!  
IT'S BUSTED!



GRAB  
HIM!

TRY THESE FOR SIZE, BOYS!  
AND AS FOR YOU, ROLLINS!



I WOULDN'T  
TRY THAT IF I  
WERE YOU!







AH, MY DEAR PROFESSOR. I SEE YOU ARE BACK WITH US! NOW YOU'LL TALK - AND TALK PLENTY! BEES! TO ME!

THE FAITHFUL WINGED INSECTS SWARM TO THEIR MASTER'S CALL!

CIRCLE HIM! NOW ROLLINS, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, OR I'LL HAVE THEM STING YOUR HIDE UNTIL IT LOOKS LIKE A SIEVE!

NO! NO! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING!

THEN YOU ADMIT TO LURING THESE PEOPLE TO THE CLUB, TAKING OUT POLICIES ON THEIR LIVES WITH THE CLUB AS BENEFICIARY AND THEN DESTROYING THEM... YOU'LL SIGN THIS CONFESSION NOW!

YES - YES! I'LL SIGN BUT KEEP THOSE BEES FROM ME!

I WON'T NEED MY BEES... NOW TELL ME WHO THE NEXT VICTIM IS OR I'LL BASH YOUR FACE IN!

DON'T HIT ME... SHE'S ON HER WAY NOW... TO JAY AND THIRD STREETS - I HYPNOTIZED HER TOLD HER TO JUMP UNDER A TRUCK!

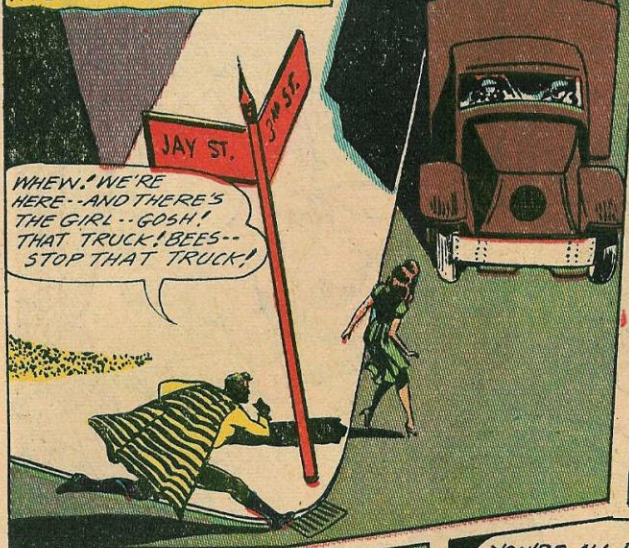
THIS'LL HOLD YOU! I PHONED THE COPS AND THEY'LL BE HERE IN A LITTLE WHILE. COME, BEES, WE'VE WORK TO DO!

I ONLY HOPE WE'RE ON TIME TO SAVE THAT GIRL'S LIFE!





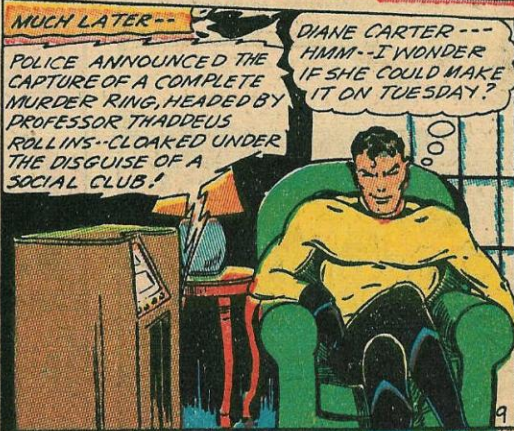
A FEW MOMENTS LATER---



THE BEES CARRY OUT THEIR ORDERS---

HEY, MAC--I CAN'T GO NO FARTHER DE WAY IT'S CLOUDED UP! I CAN'T SEE!

NEITHER CAN I! YA BETTER STOP!







AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA...

WOW! THOSE LOOK LIKE BIG CAT TRACKS--MAYBE A LEOPARD OR A TIGER! GEE! IT'S FUN, EXPLORING THIS ISLAND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... DISASTER!

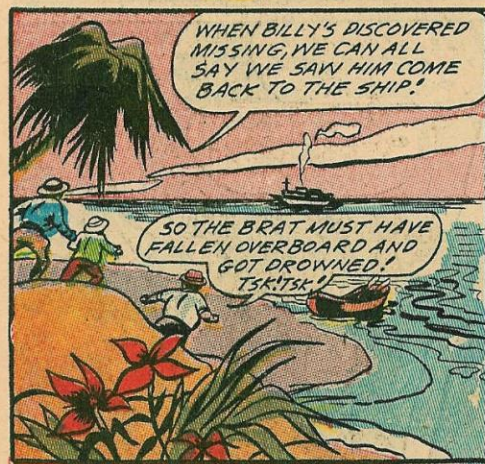
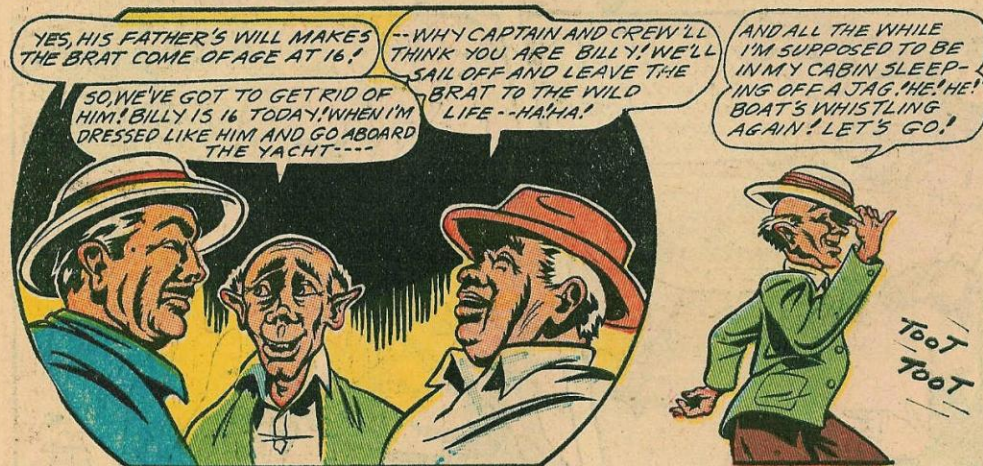
THERE'S THE YACHT WHISTLE! GUESS I BETTER BE GETTING BACK... YEOW!



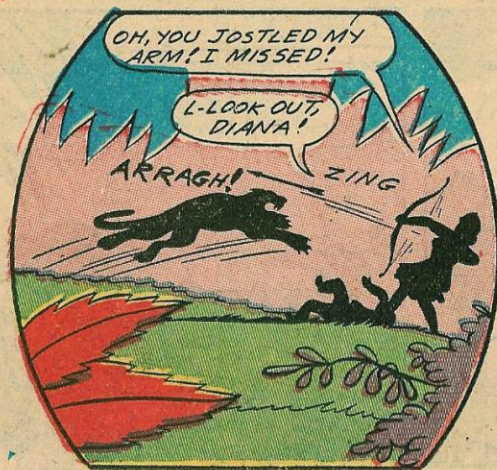
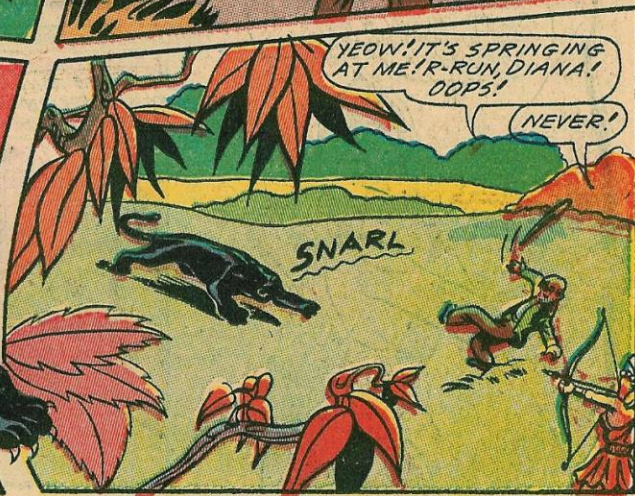
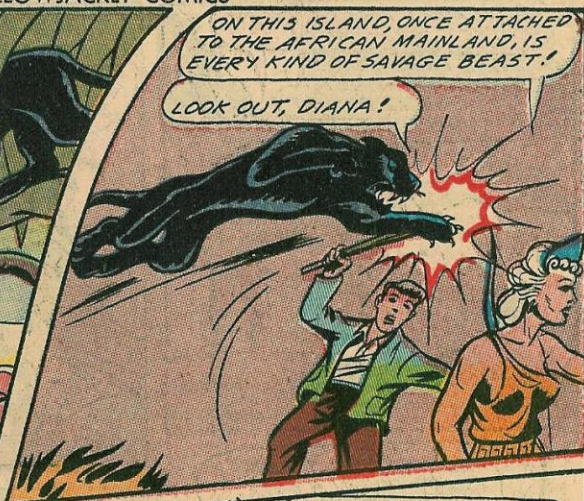
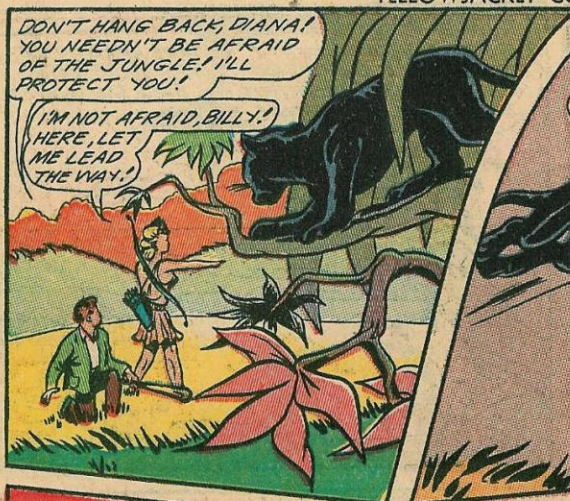




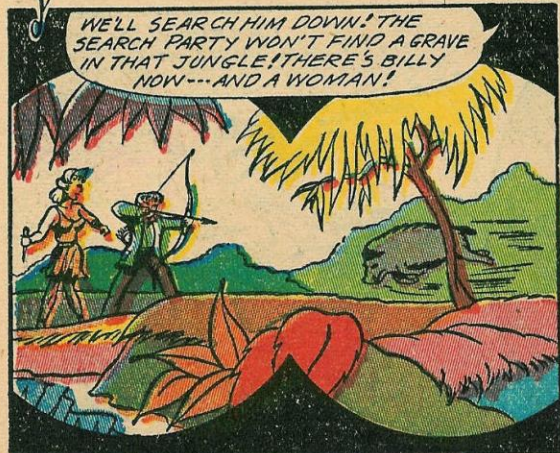
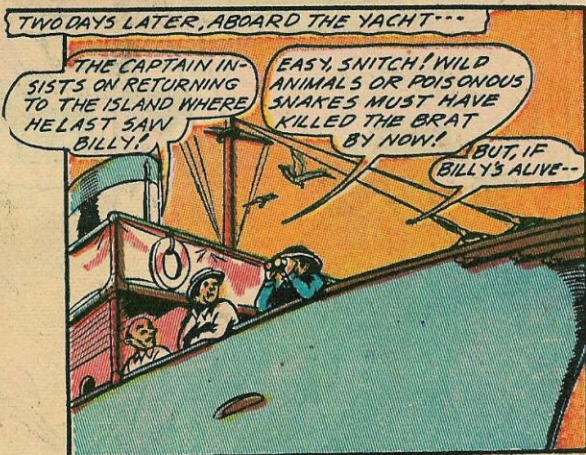
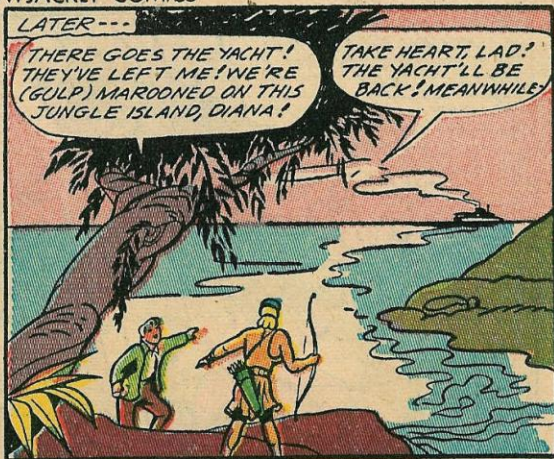




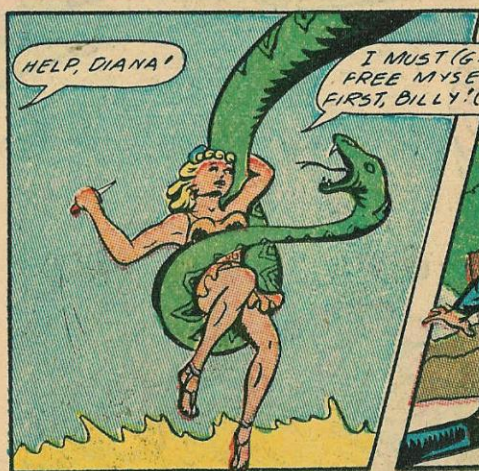
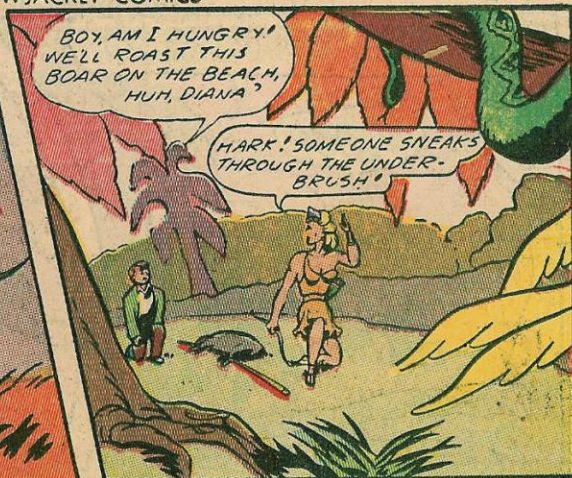




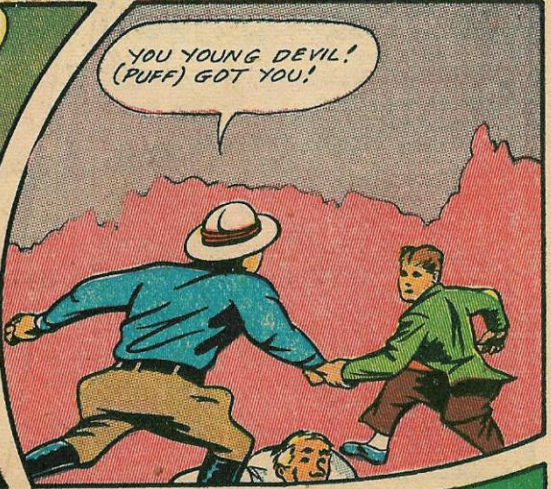
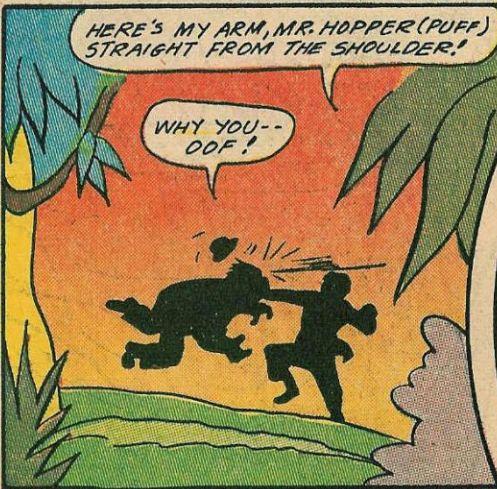




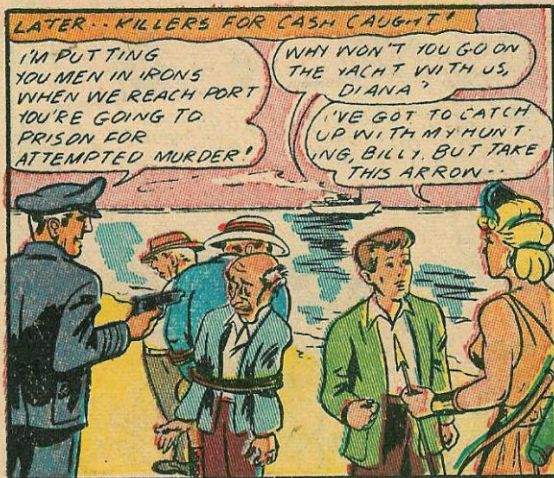
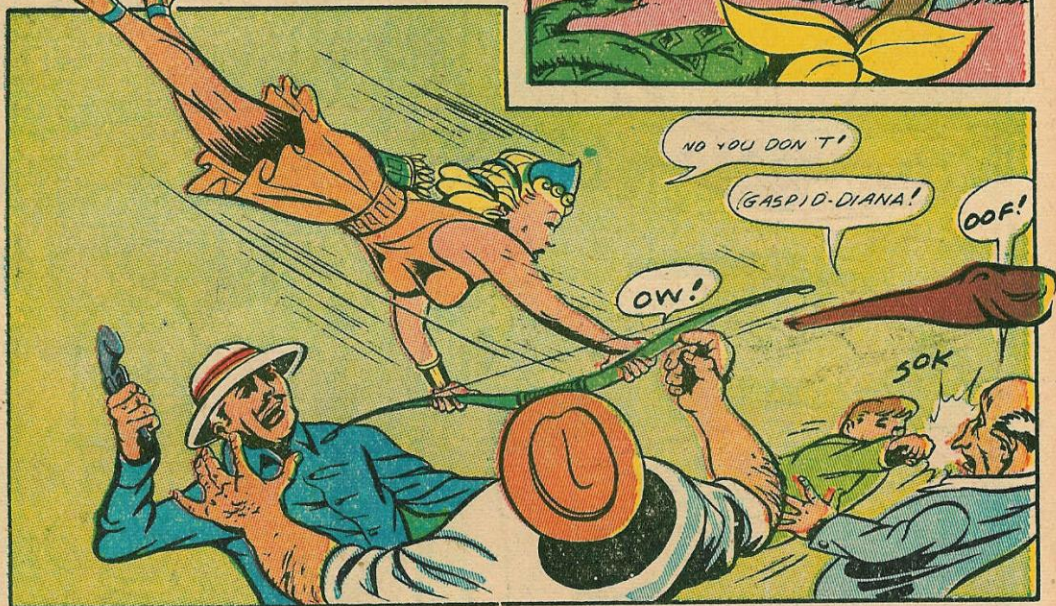






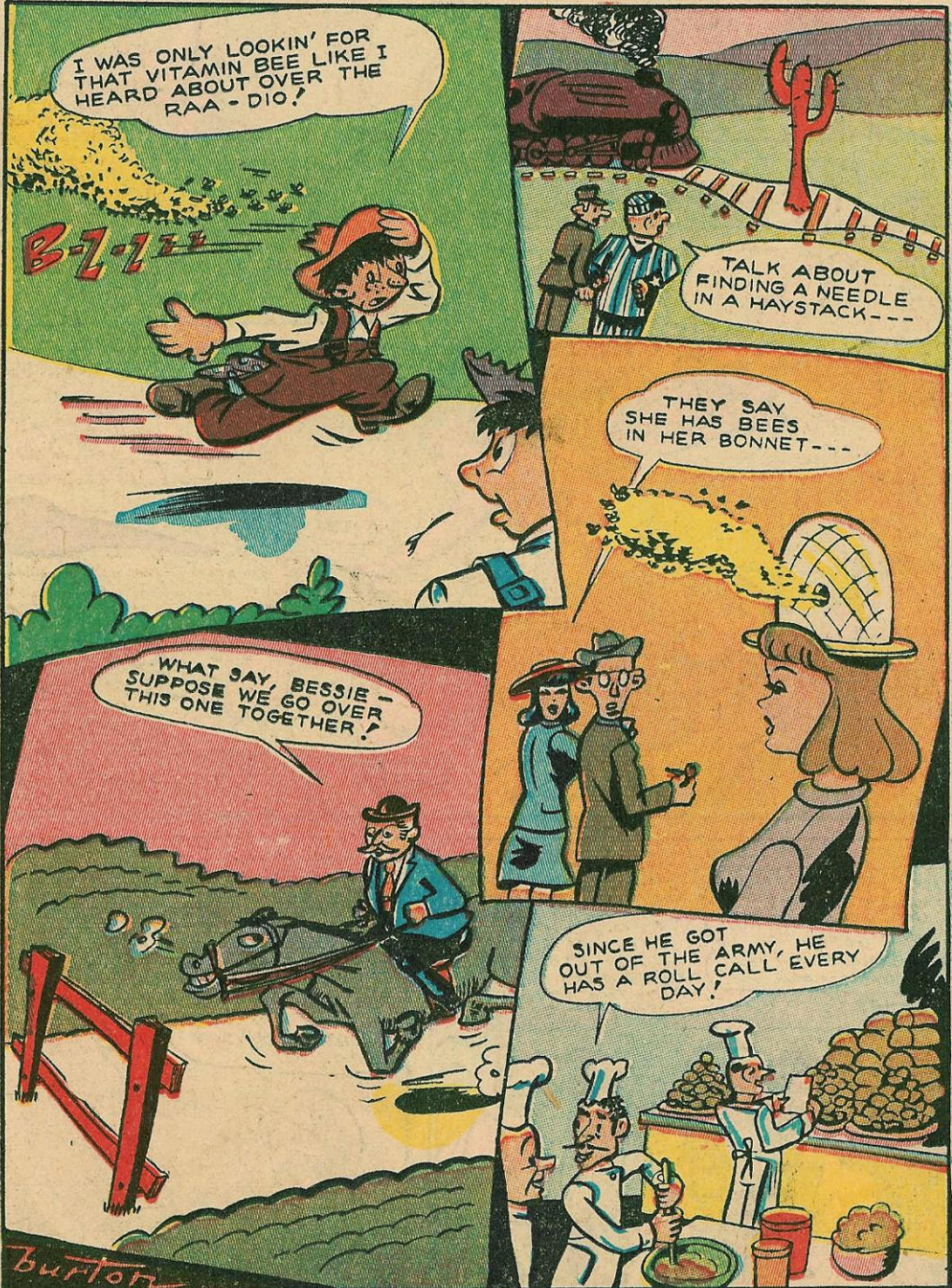








# BEE-LINES





TALES  
OF

# TERROR



OUT OF THE GRAVE, A CLUTCHING HAND REACHES FOR VENGEANCE! IN THE MIND OF A MURDERER GROWS AN IMAGE BORN IN FEAR AND NURTURED IN GUILT UNTIL IT BRINGS HIM TO HIS DOOM! HERE IS A TALE OF REVENGE BEYOND THE GRAVE... THE STORY OF...  
**THE AVENGING HAND!**

DEEP IN THE FOREST'S GLOOM, THE ANCIENT WITCH STIRS HER FOUL BREW--A CONCOCTION WHICH SHE PREPARES FOR YOU, DEAR READER!

HEH, HEH, HEH--SO YE WANT A STORY--I'LL SEE WHAT THE CAULDRON HAS COOKED FOR YOU TONIGHT--WHAT TALE OF DEATH AND HORROR IT WILL BRING SO THAT YOUR SLUMBER WILL BE UNEASY!

AH--THIS IS A GOOD ONE--A TALE OF VIOLENCE FEAR AND DOOM! IT ALL STARTS IN A ROADHOUSE RUN BY TWO MEN WHO ARE JUST THIS SIDE OF THE LAW!





AN ISOLATED ROADHOUSE, WHICH IS A BLIND FOR A GAMBLING DEN-

GOOD NIGHT, YOU TWO VULTURES. I'LL GIVE YOU MORE OF MY MONEY NEXT WEEK!

GOOD NIGHT, MR. LEWIS. COME AGAIN!



WELL, MIKE - LET'S GO IN THE OFFICE AND COUNT THE NIGHT'S TAKE!

YEAH--AND WE'RE SPLIT TONIGHT! I NEED DOUGH BAD!



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND! THAT DOES IT!

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING!



THAT TEN THOUSAND VAN BRUYKEN PAID IN COLD CASH! I SAW YOU TAKE THE DOUGH, MIKE!



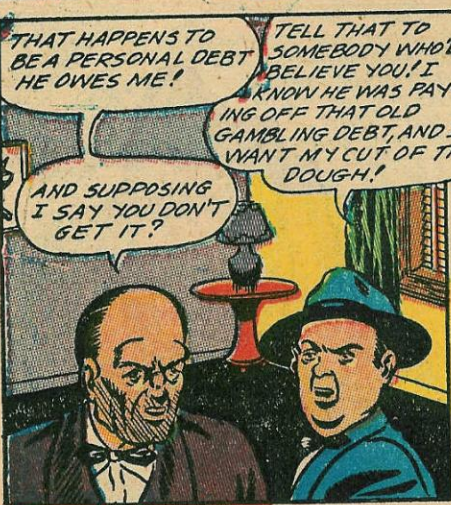
THAT HAPPENS TO BE A PERSONAL DEBT HE OWES ME!

TELL THAT TO SOMEBODY WHO'LL BELIEVE YOU! I KNOW HE WAS PAYING OFF THAT OLD GAMBLING DEBT, AND I WANT MY CUT OF THE DOUGH!

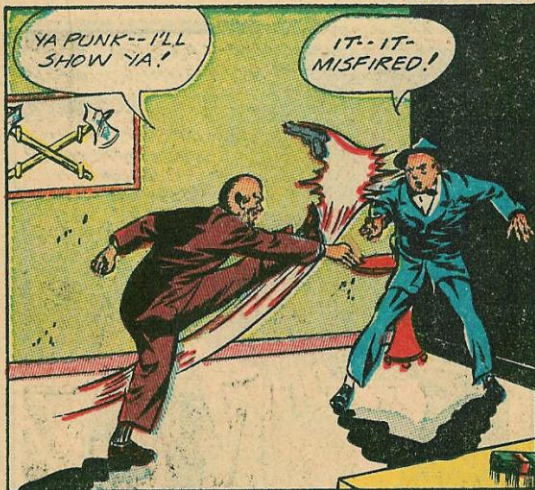
AND SUPPOSING I SAY YOU DON'T GET IT?

MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU!

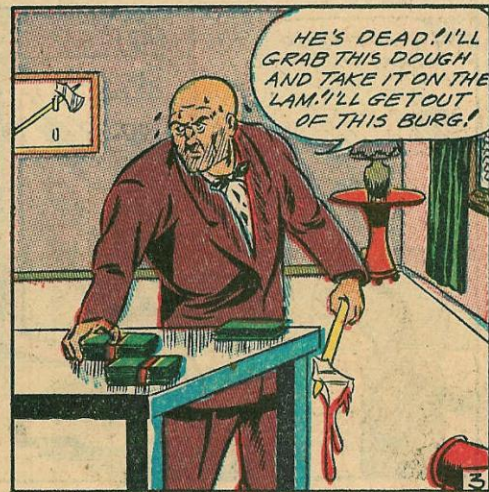
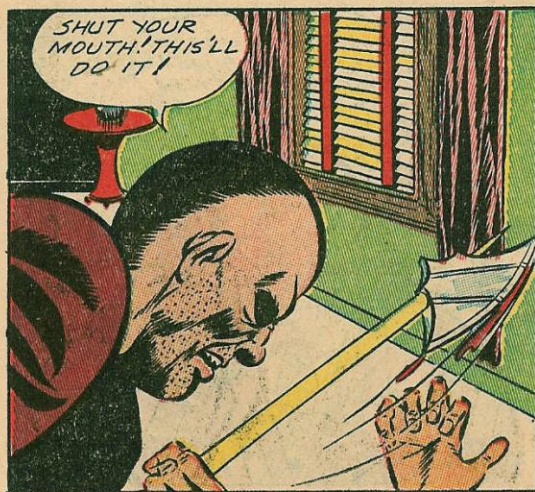
I'LL--YA RAT--







RAGE TURNS CORRI INTO A RAVING KILLER--

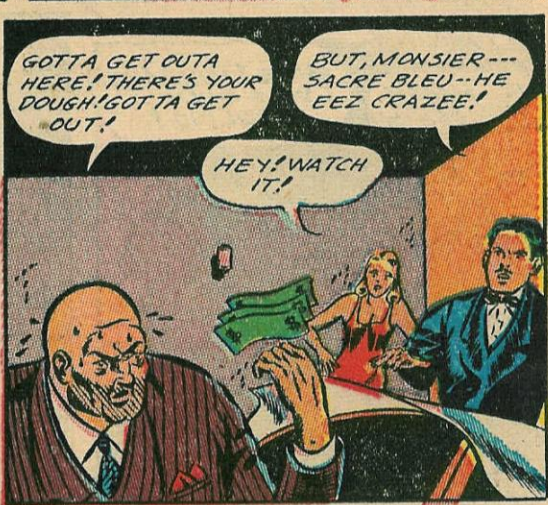




WEEKS LATER, IN A DISTANT CITY---



A LITTLE LATER--





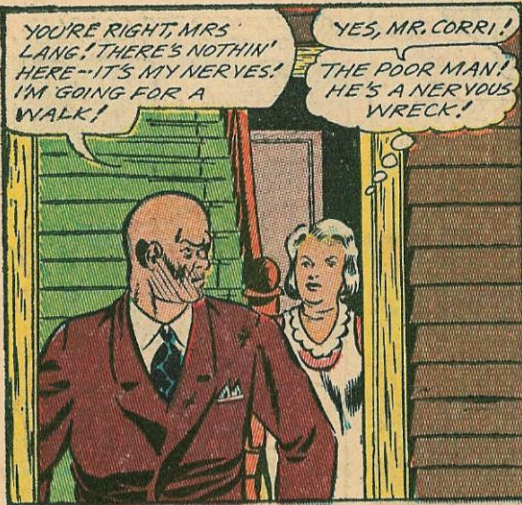
WEEKS GO BY AND CORRI FLEES FROM CITY TO CITY--



SOMETIME LATER, CORRI IS INSTALLED IN HIS NEW HOUSE!

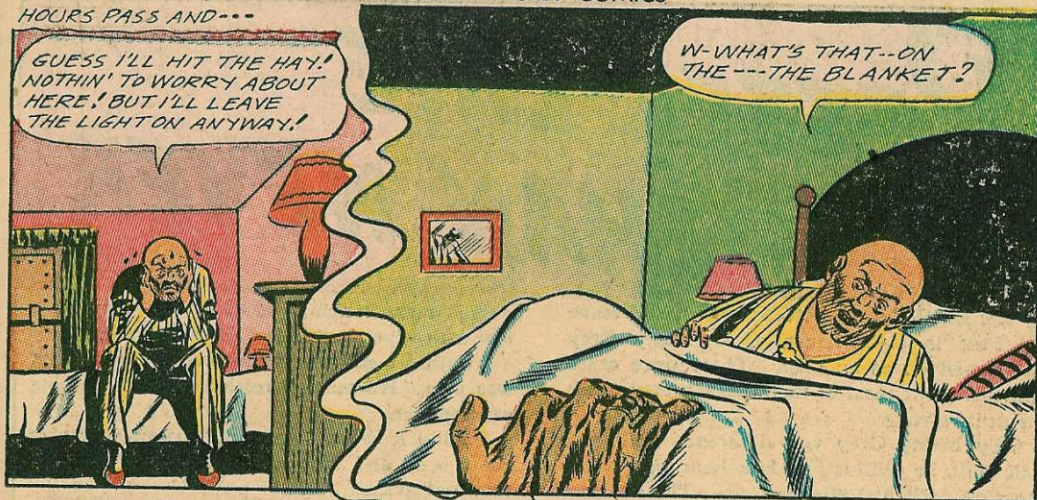








HOURS PASS AND---

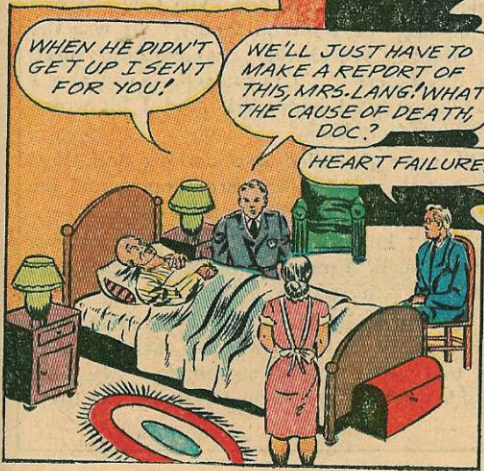


W-WHAT'S THAT--ON THE---THE BLANKET?



UGH--UGH--I'M CHOKIN'-- ARGH--

THE NEXT MORNING--



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT OF THIS, MRS. LANG. WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF DEATH, DOC?

HEART FAILURE!

DEEP IN THE FOREST'S GLOOM, THE ANCIENT WITCH STIRS HER FOUL BREW---





# BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

**T**HE MARY L. TURNER was due to leave Port in eight hours, when Matty Grey signed on as an oiler. There were other new faces, but most of them were pretty much the usual sort.

Only Matty Grey was different. Tall and well built, he did his first four hour watch and came on deck just after sun up. The weather was clear and the Mary L. was making good time.

Matty made himself comfortable, sat looking out over the choppy sea. His eyes were blue and there was something in them you felt rather than saw. For that matter you got the same feeling from everything he did. Or rather the way he did it. Maybe you'd call him moody. He certainly didn't talk much.

"First trip out?" Pete Burdell questioned.

"Hardly." Matty Grey didn't look around. "I've been to sea before."

"Like it?"

"It's alright."

That was all. On watch or off, at mess or on deck, he never had anything to say. He took orders and never asked questions. By the time we were two days gone, everyone knew everybody's business except Matty Grey.

I got along well with the other guys. I made it a habit to mind my own affairs, and maybe it was because of this that Matty sort of chummed with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

**W**E STOPPED at Aruba and it was there that Matty opened up one evening and told me what everyone else had been dying to find out. It was a swell night, warm and soft and the lights of Aruba were like jewels against purple plush. The faint wash of waves against the side of the ship, the wind in the booms and rigging was the only sound. Matty eased up and leaned on the railing.

"Guess most of the crew has gone ashore," he said, looking away toward the shore lights. "Boy, they'll sure go to town tonight."

"It's always the same," I answered. "Money

doesn't mean much to most of 'em. Maybe a few with wives and kids back in the states."

I waited, feeling something about the guy that was new. He seemed restless as if something worried him.

Finally it came. He said, "I suppose you've got a wife and kids home, Steve. You seem that sort to me."

I had to chuckle. "Not yet I haven't. I need six months more before I can take my exams for a third assistant. If I pass then I'll think about the rest."

"I hope you make it." His tone of voice told me he meant it. I waited and by and by he said, "I guess it means a good deal to you. I—worked for something once. But I didn't succeed."

His voice sharpened then, getting hard and stern and I knew he was getting ready to open up, and could feel the tension in his voice and knew whatever it was, it had meant everything to him. He'd had success almost in his hands and then . . . something had happened.

I was right. "I'd been in training almost since I was a kid," Matty Grey told me that night. "In athletics. Fancy high-dives. That sort of thing." He spoke as if it didn't matter much anymore, but deep inside I knew it did, knew it meant everything to him even now. "I had my chance," he went on finally. "It was the real thing. World-wide championship meet. The day before . . . I misjudged. Even now I don't know what happened. But I hit wrong and injured my back."

His voice dwindled into nothing and there was just the wind in the cargo booms, and the water against the side of the ship.

I didn't know what sort of answer to give him. "Tough," I managed to say. "When you've been after a thing all your life—"

"Yes, tough," he admitted. "I was in bed with a back injury for six months and then the medics told me no more swimming. My back wouldn't stand the strain. So that—was that!"

\* \* \* \* \*



**W**E LEFT Aruba twenty-four hours later and life got back to normal once more, and after a little while I began to forget what Matty Grey had told me. We talked more together. Once he'd gotten that off his chest he seemed to feel better.

I'd forgotten it until we were off the coast of South America and the storm caught us. We didn't expect it to be as bad as it was. We didn't have time to put into any port, because there wasn't one close enough. So the deck hands battened everything down tight and nobody got much sleep.

Three hours later the storm opened up. The wind was close to a hundred miles an hour and the ocean was a solid mass of mountains. Everytime they hit it was almost like being hit by a torpedo.

Six hours later the rudder was smashed.

We weren't far off the coast, but it was nothing but wilderness and reefs. Three hours later we went aground with a crash that seemed to have broken the Mary L. Turner right in half.

Up on deck the gale had done plenty of damage. Part of the wheel house was gone. The booms were smashed and had ripped away part of the deck. Shortly after we went aground, number 4 hold began to take water.

\* \* \* \* \*

**G**ETTING the crew into life boats would have been mass suicide. The radioman reported the nearest help a good eight hours away.

We could see the coast line clearly, in spite of the terrific drive of rain. If there had been anyone on shore to make a line fast somewhere, we could have gotten the crew off. But it looked wild and desolate.

Maybe that was why Chris Baker decided to take a chance on reaching shore with a line. It took a lot of nerve, but it takes a lot of nerve to die, too, and I guess Chris figured our chances were pretty slim either way.

He had the line tied around his middle and we watched him go in. But he never made it, although Chris was a good swimmer. When they pulled him back, his shoulders and one side were badly busted up.

The thing had me sort of groggy. I couldn't think straight and didn't understand at first, when Matty Grey told me he was going ashore with a line. We'd gone below for coffee.

"You're nuts!" I told him. "You saw Chris—"

"That was Chris." Matty's voice was steady and calm. There was something in it I'd heard that night off Aruba. He said, "I'm going."

Maybe the storm wasn't quite so bad. Maybe it was wishful thinking. The wind just about tore you off your feet, and the spray was like glass. Matty sure looked good stripped but he seemed to be waiting, as if unable to make up his mind.

I knew what was going on inside his head. He was thinking of the medicos telling him his back wouldn't stand any strain. He was thinking that if he didn't make it, the ship would break up any time almost and everyone would be lost. He was thinking of a lot of things. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**A** COMBER hit the ocean-side of the Mary L. Turner and she shuddered from stern to bow.

A second later Matty Grey was gone.

It was dangerous to stand at the side, but I hung on and watched Matty. For a couple of minutes it seemed as if he'd never make it, but would be hurled back against the side of the ship and killed. Then he was moving away. It seemed incredibly slow as he inched away from the ship.

Later I couldn't see him. The spray and the wind had the eyes cut almost out of my head. The wind screamed in my ears. Then I saw Matty once more. He was a good half way to shore. I saw his body in the froth of a combing breaker. Chris hadn't gone so far. . . .

Matty Grey made it to shore and got the line secured. We got the entire crew on shore. No one had been hurt or lost except Chris Baker, and he'd pull through okay.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**OMETIME after dark that night the Mary L. Turner broke up, and we never saw her again. It was another twelve hours before a cargo job showed up to take us on board, but by then the storm had blown out.

We were headed for port when I talked to Matty Grey again. He had changed overnight. His face was different, more friendly, and he kidded with the other guys.

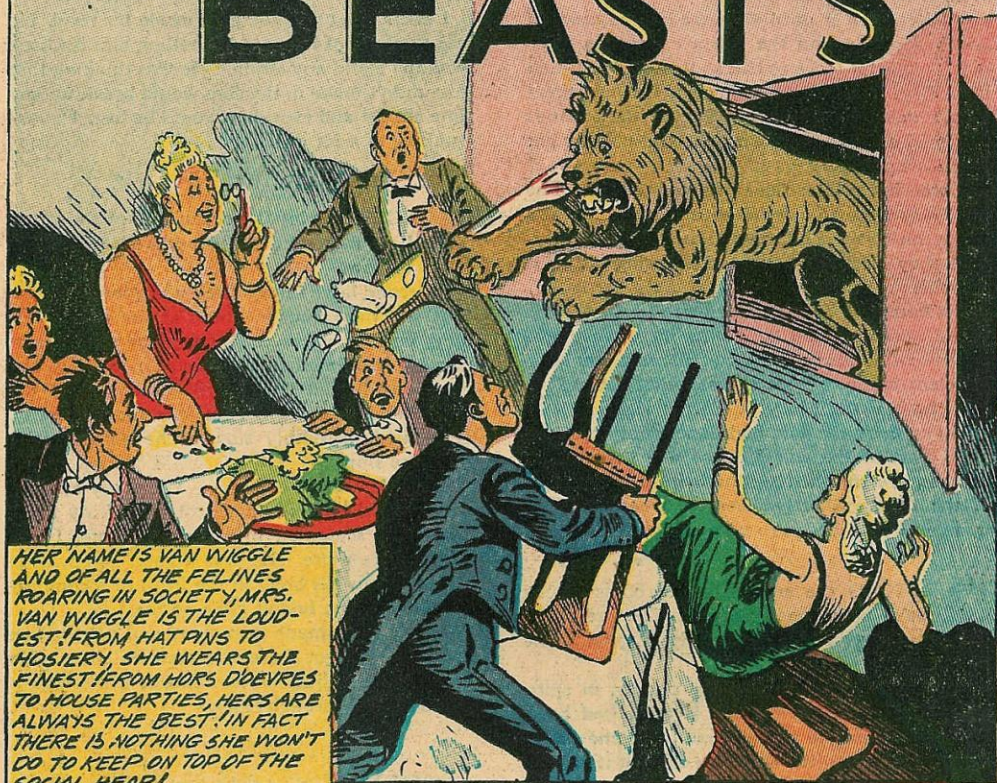
"The doctors aren't always right," he told me later. "I'm going back and see what happens. That pull the other day pretty much convinced me I'm okay."

"You are," I told him humbly, feeling empty inside at the thought of seeing him go. "You proved that in a good many ways. And if you don't believe me, ask any of the other guys. They'll say—you're tops!"

THE END



# KING *of The* BEASTS



HER NAME IS VAN WIGGLE AND OF ALL THE FELINES ROARING IN SOCIETY, MRS. VAN WIGGLE IS THE LOUDEST! FROM HAT PINS TO HOSIERY, SHE WEARS THE FINEST! FROM HORROR MOVIES TO HOUSE PARTIES, HEARS ARE ALWAYS THE BEST! IN FACT THERE IS NOTHING SHE WON'T DO TO KEEP ON TOP OF THE SOCIAL HEAP!



EAT HEARTY, BOYS! WE'RE PLAYING FOR HIGH SOCIETY IN THIS TOWN--AND THAT MEANS WORK!

AND YOU CAN'T WORK ON EMPTY STOMACHS, HUH?

WILFORD, DARLING--JUST LOOK AT THE KITTIES! AREN'T THEY PERFECTLY ADORABLE? MY!









HORTENSE, PRECIOUS!  
HOW NICE TO SEE YOU--  
WILFORD AND I WERE  
JUST SAYING HOW  
LOVELY IT WOULD BE  
IF YOU DROPPED IN  
THIS AFTERNOON!

NOW I KNOW  
WHAT IT  
MEANS  
TO BE  
TWO-  
FACED!

I'VE MET SOME  
STRANGE PEOPLE  
IN MY LIFE, BUT  
THOSE TWO  
TAKE THE BLUE  
RIBBON! I WON-  
DER IF SHE KNEW  
HOW DANGEROUS  
IT IS, PETTING A  
LION?

LATER THAT EVENING...

LIMBER UP THOSE  
LIGAMENTS,  
BOYS!

'DANNY,'  
HEY, YOU  
CAT-  
CHARMER!

GREAT JUMPIN' JUNIPER, BOY--  
SINCE WHEN DO YOU LET THOSE  
KITTIES OF YOURS LOOSE  
ON THE PUBLIC? THEY  
CHEWED UP ONE OF THIS  
BURG'S RICHEST DAMES!

WHAT...?

LOOK AT IT BOY, AND  
WEEP! IT'S A DISASTER--  
IT'S A TRAGEDY FOR  
THE BEST ACT  
I'VE GOT!

THEY'RE OFF  
THEIR TOP!  
I'VE HAD MY  
EYE ON THESE  
BOYS ALL  
AFTERNOON!

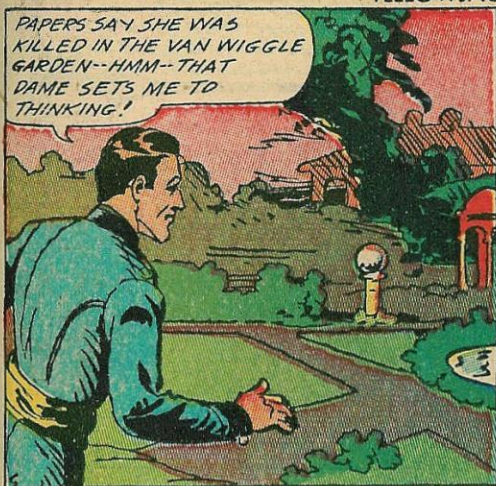
KILLED ON THE GROUNDS OF  
MATILDA VAN WIGGLE! TRACKS  
OF A LARGE LION! SAY, BOSS--  
THIS SOUNDS BAD--AND THE  
VAN WIGGLE ESTATE ISN'T FAR  
FROM HERE, EITHER!

BAD! BOY,  
IT'S A BIG-  
TOP  
CALAMITY!

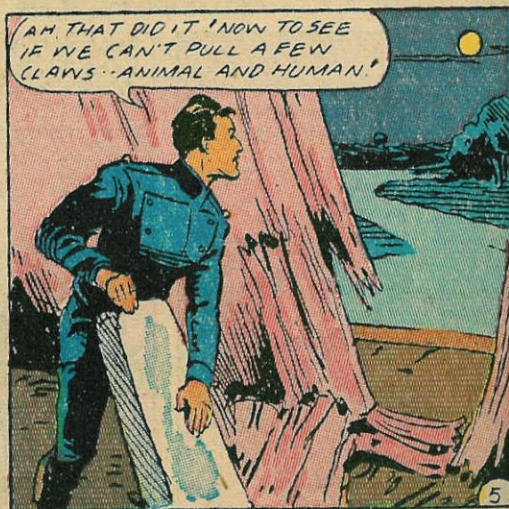
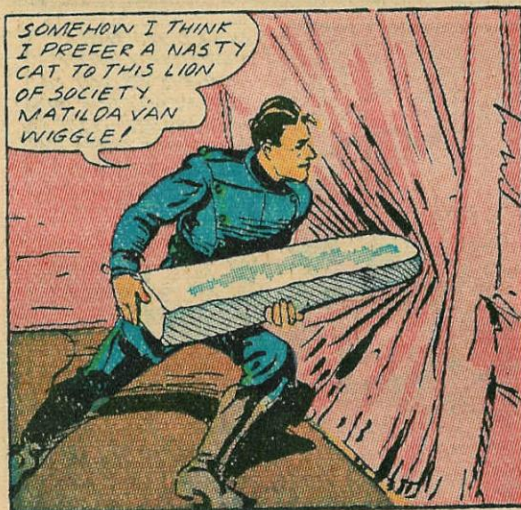
IT MEANS WE GOTTA  
SCRATCH THE ACT.  
PEOPLE'D GET THE  
SHUDDERS IF THEY  
SAW YOUR BOYS  
AFTER THIS!

SEE YOU LATER,  
BOSS! I'VE GOT TO  
FIND OUT MORE  
ABOUT THIS CAT-  
KILLING--AND A  
CERTAIN MRS. VAN  
WIGGLE!











# YELLOWJACKET COMICS









# Cap'n GRIM

HARBOR PILOT

HERE IS A YARN OF THE SOUTH SEAS FILLED WITH DEATH AND GREED! A TALE OF SAILING SHIPS AND MURDER! A STORY WHICH PROVES THAT TREACHERY AND MADNESS GO HAND IN HAND FOR, "WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD!"



IN THE HARBOR OF A GREAT PORT, CAP'N GRIM, THE HARBOR PILOT, GUIDES A GREAT OCEAN LINER SAFELY TO IT'S BERTH---

HOW AM I DOIN', CAP'N GRIM?

FINE, LAD--AYE, 'TIS A WONDERFUL NIGHT, FULL OF TANGY SEA AIR! A NIGHT THAT MAKES AN OLD SALT LIKE ME WANT TO SPIN A YARN. WOULD YE LIKE TO HEAR A TALE, LAD?

SURE, CAP'N, I'D LOVE IT!

AYE? THEN BEAR A POINT TO STARBOARD--THERE'S A HIDDEN REEF HERE--AND COCK AN EAR--I'LL TELL YE ABOUT THE 'MARY ALLEN'--A FINE OLD SAILIN' SHIP--MANNED BY AS MURDEROUS A CREW AS EVER SAILED THE OCEANS!





"THE MARY ALLEN WAS IN THE SOUTH SEA TRADE, BEARIN' COPRA FROM THE PHILIPPINES--MOST OF HER CREW WERE CRIMINALS, BUT THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T CARE--HE WAS ONE HIMSELF!"

CATES, LOOKS LIKE HEAVY WEATHER! HA! HA! THAT SHOULDN'T BOTHER YOU! YOU RAN INTO PLENTY WHEN YOU WERE SMUGGLIN' OUT OF THE BAHAMAS!

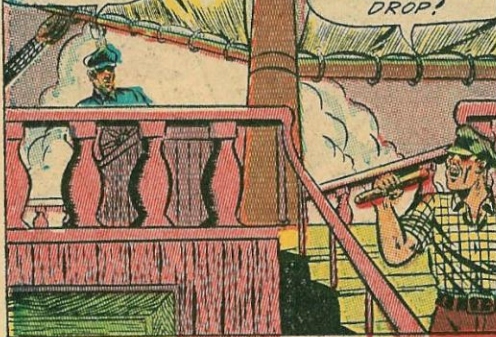
AND YOU, CAPN LEWIS, AFEERD TO GO BACK BECAUSE YOU FACE A CHARGE FOR SCUTTLEIN' YOUR SHIP TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE! WEATHER MEANS NAUGHT TO US!

NOR THE REST OF 'EM! LIKE THAT HAWAIIAN, JIMMY KANAKA DOWN THERE IN THE CREW, 'RUNNIN' FROM A MURDER RAP IN HONOLULU, THE SCUM THAT MAKE UP THIS CREW--THIEVES, CRIMINALS AN' KILLERS ALL! WHAT'S A STORM TO THEM?



REEF CANVAS! GET EVERY SHRED DOWN OR WE'LL BE TORN TO BITS WHEN THE WIND COMES UP! GET THIS SCURVY CREW TO WORK!

A YE, A YE, SIR! I'LL WORK 'EM TILL THEY DROP!



MOVE, YE DEVILS! YOU--KANAKA--GET TO WORK OR I'LL LET YE HAVE THIS BELAYIN' PIN ON YOUR SKULL!

ME NO WORK!

YO! HEAVE-HO!



YE SCURVY RAT! I SAID WORK!

AHH--



DOG! YOU, CATES, DOG! I KILL YOU NOW!

YOU FILTHY SWINE! YOU AIN'T KILLIN' NOBODY.







"BUT BEFORE THE CAPTAIN COULD GIVE ANY ORDERS, THE TYPHOON STRUCK IN ALL ITS TROPICAL FURY!"





"LEAPING INTO THE BOILING SEA, CATES AND THE CAPTAIN CLUNG TO A SPAR--AND THEN THEY DISCOVERED ANOTHER MAN HANGING ON TO THEIR WRECKAGE--"



"THE NEXT MORNING FOUND THIS TRIO OF CRIMINALS ALIVE--"



TEN DAYS WE'VE BEEN HERE AN' NUTHIN' TO EAT BUT SOME ROTTEN FISH AND JUNGLE GRASS. I'M GOIN' OUT AN' SCOUT AROUND SOME MORE! MAYBE I'LL FIND SOMETHIN' TO EAT!

GOOD IDEA! KANAKA, GET SOME DRIFTWOOD! I'LL MAKE ANOTHER SIGNAL FIRE!

SURE, CAPN! I GO!



"CATES MADE A DISCOVERY--"

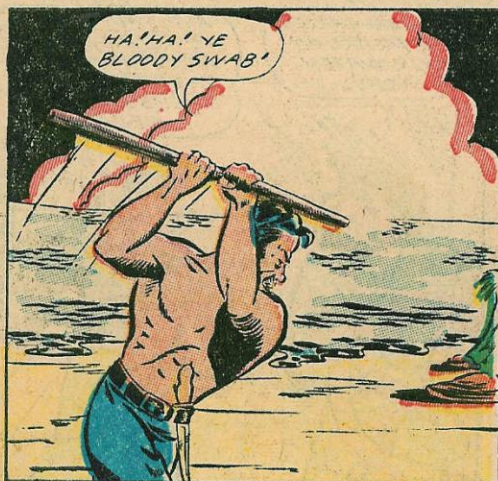


"THE HAWAIIAN HAD HIS REVENGE--"





# YELLOWJACKET COMICS







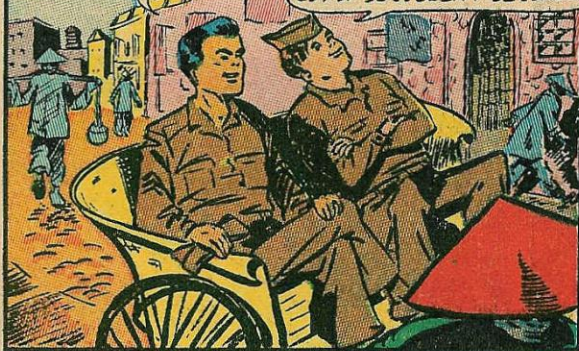


# THE *Fip*-FILIPINO KID



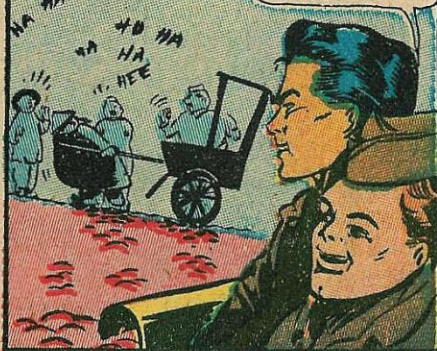
SHANGHAI, KENDSHI! SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE BIG TOWN--AND US WITH A FORTY-EIGHT HOUR PASS!

2,880 PRECIOUS MINUTES! COME ON, YOU MANILA CONBOY, WE HAVE TO POUR SOME MISCHIEF INTO A WHOLE LOT OF SUCCULENT SECONDS!



HEY, SOMETHING COOKING UP THERE!

I KNOW THAT GUY IN THE RICK--IT'S SKINNY MORGAN, THE FATTEST GUY IN THE U.S. ARMY. WHAT TONNAGE!



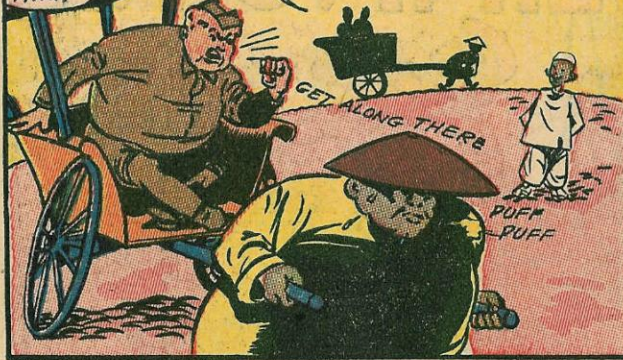


# YELLOWJACKET COMICS

SWAT ME EIGHT TO THE BAR, KENGSHI! THAT'S STINGEY SING, ONE OF THE RICHEST MERCHANTS IN SHANGHAI PULLING HIM!

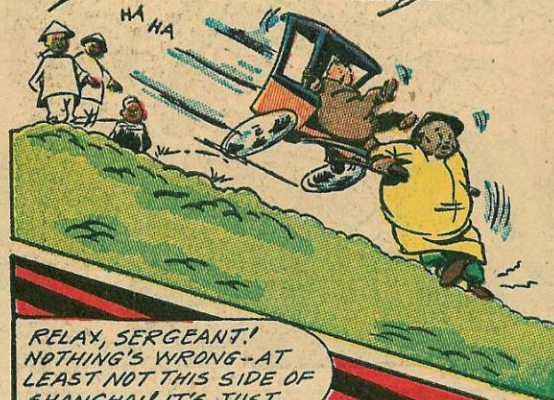
WHAT'S HE DOING NOW? SLUMMING TO TAKE OFF THAT WAIST LINE?

HE'S SLUMMING, ALL RIGHT-- BUT NOT BECAUSE HE WANTS TO! NOPE, STINGEY SING WOULD NEVER TAKE OFF ANY PRECIOUS POUNDAGE BY CHOICE--AND THEREBY HANGS QUITE A TALE, KENGSHI!



A VERY FUNNY TALE-- FOR EVERYONE BUT STINGEY SING HIMSELF!

HEY, YOU! A NICKEL A HOUR AND WHAT DO I GET?-- A STALL OR A GALLOP!



RELAX, SERGEANT! NOTHING'S WRONG--AT LEAST NOT THIS SIDE OF SHANGHAI! IT'S JUST THAT I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU--A PARTICULARLY DELICATE JOB!



"IT ALL BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN COLONEL SMITHERS CALLED ME INTO HEADQUARTERS FOR AN ASSIGNMENT. A VERY SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!----

SERGEANT, I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR!

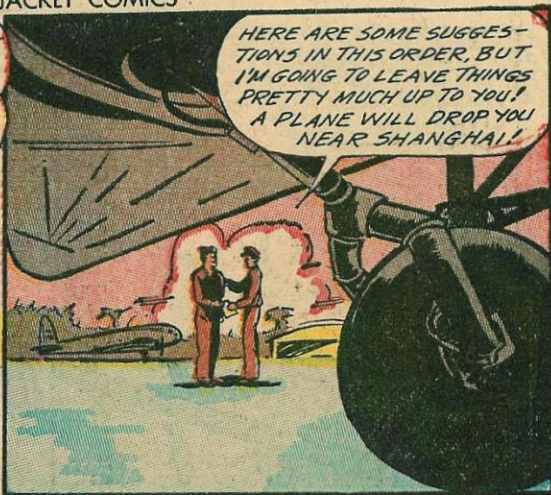
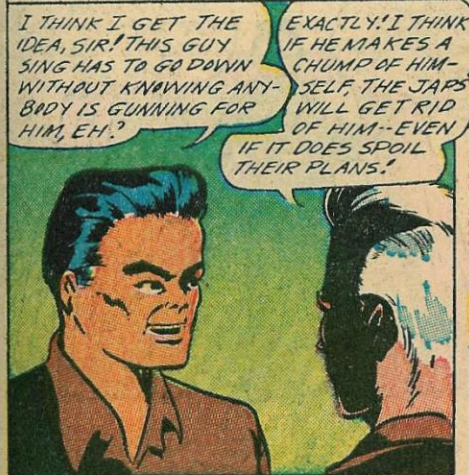
YES, SIR, IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG, SIR?



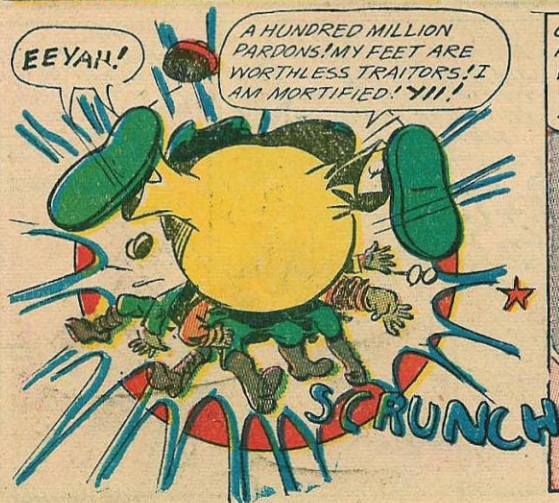
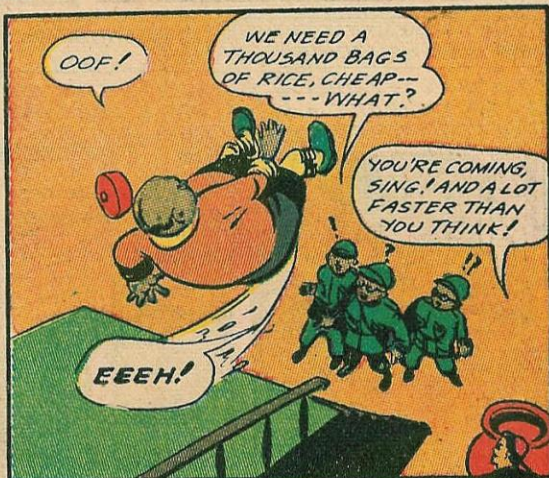
A CHINESE BY THE NAME OF STINGEY SING IS COLLABORATING WITH THE JAPS, BUT HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND THAT THEY'RE AFRAID TO TOUCH HIM! AND SING, PLAYING A DOUBLE GAME, IS PILING UP A FORTUNE IN COMMERCE!





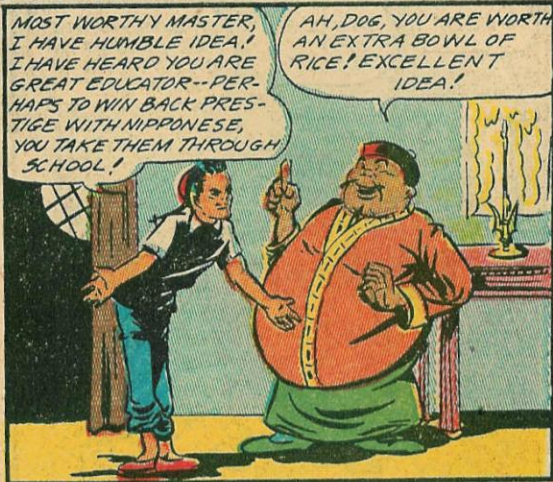




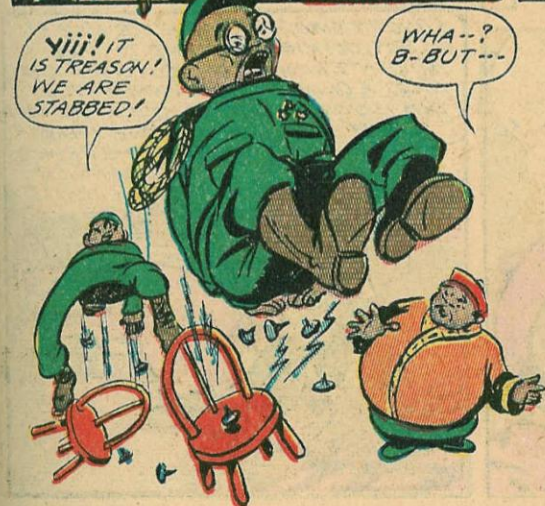
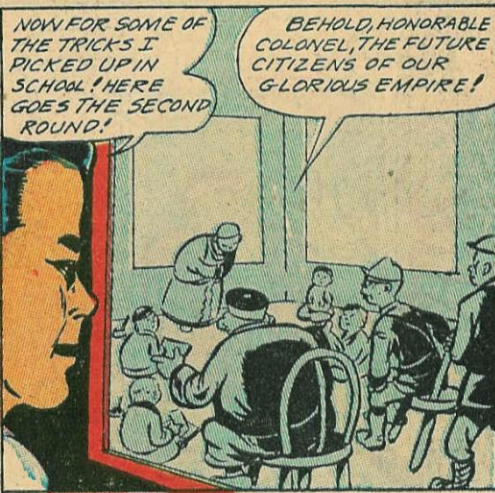




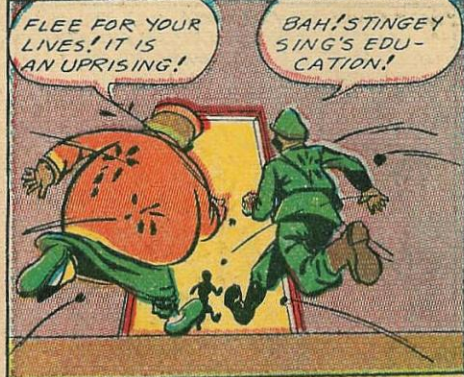
# YELLOWJACKET COMICS



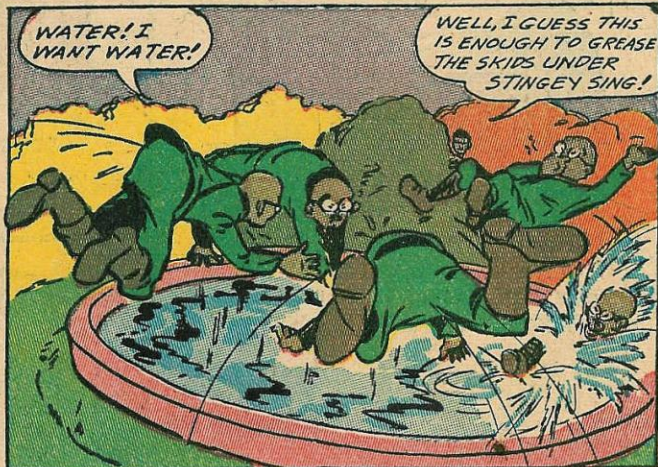
"AND LATER THAT DAY, AFTER I'D HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH THE PUPILS OF SING'S SCHOOL--



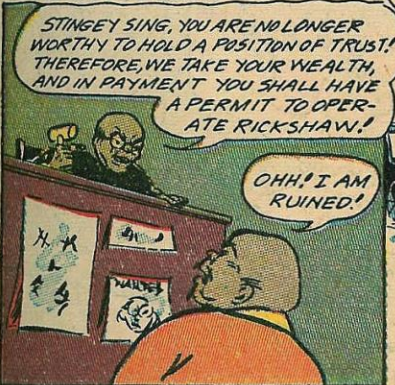








"AND SURE ENOUGH, THE JAPS GAVE SING THE WORKS—AND CONSIDERING THE JAPS, I THINK THEY SHOWED RARE JUDGEMENT."



"I'M THROUGH, I WANT A RICKSHAW DRIVER WHO'LL GIVE ME MY NICKEL'S WORTH!"

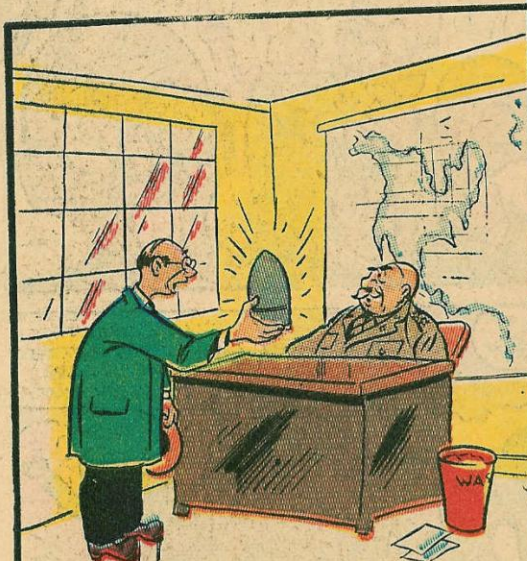


COME ON, KID! IF YOU CAN GET SOMEBODY ELSE INTO THAT MUCH MISCHIEF IN ONE DAY, THERE'S NO END TO THE STUNTS WE CAN PULL WITH 48 HOURS IN SHANGHAI!





# B-BUZZES



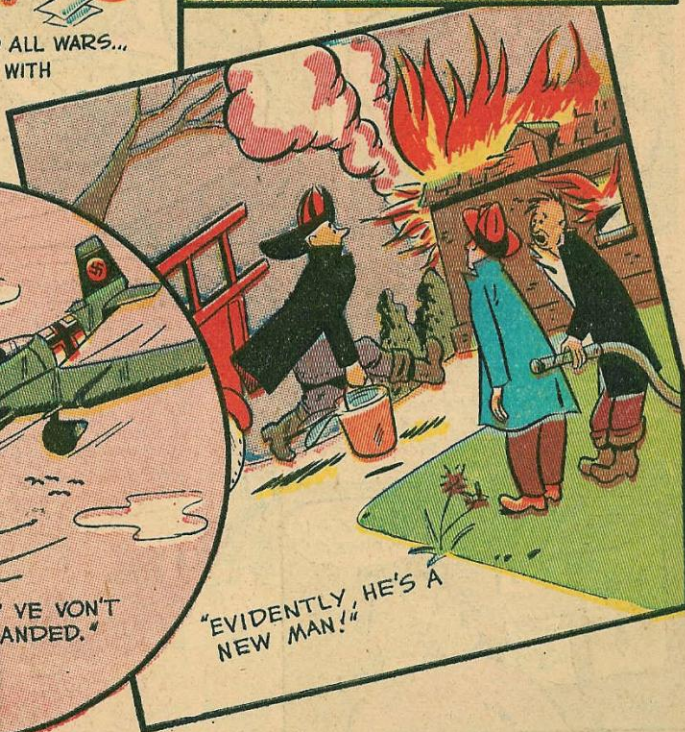
"IT'S A 'LOVE BOMB, TO END ALL WARS...  
INSTEAD OF GAS IT'S FILLED WITH  
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME!"



"HONEST, I DIDN'T KNOW IT  
WAS LOADED!"



"GOOT, FRITZ! NOW YE VON'T  
GO BACK EMPTY HANDED."



"EVIDENTLY, HE'S A  
NEW MAN!"



• WHY BE FAT?

# REDUCE

*the lazy way*

**NO EXERCISE! NO LAXATIVES!**

**LOSE 8 to 10 LBS. A MONTH!**

*Slim down to your own  
lovely figure!*

Just follow simple scientific directions of Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan. Six to eight weeks from now, look in mirror and see the amazing difference.

*Given with order:*

With our order you are given a full 30 days supply of KELPIDINE for use as part of your breakfast each day. NOTE: There is Medical Authority that KELPIDINE (fucus) has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing.

*No risk trial offer:*

You can try Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan without it costing you a cent. Just order with coupon and if you are not satisfied, or if it is not helpful in your case, return it to us and your money will be refunded in full. Nothing could be fairer. Act now!

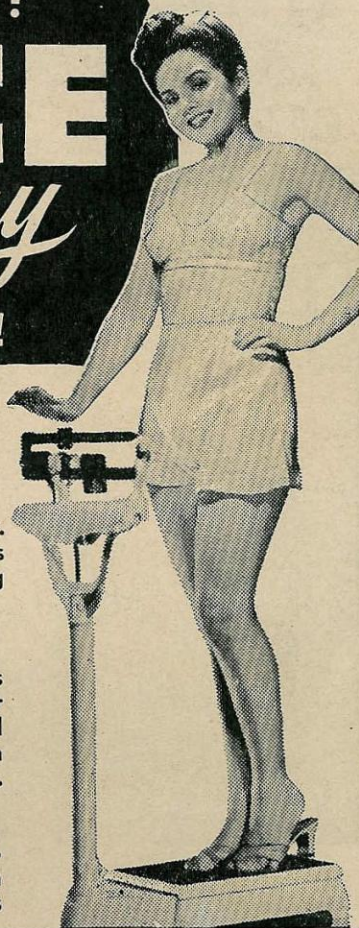
*-Users say:-*

"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15". Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.  
"I lost 18 pounds; feel young and work better". Mrs. K. Y., Bronx, N. Y.  
"Send the \$2.00 size, I lost 15 pounds already". Mrs. M. D., Boonton, N. J.

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**Money-Back Guarantee**



**A Leading Physician and Health Officer says:**

"This method of reducing includes sufficient quantity of the various essential foods necessary for the maintenance of health...it should result in weight reduction..."

**A Well Known Radio Nutritionist says:**

"KELPIDINE is a reducing aid".

**\$1.00**

**FULL 30-DAY SUPPLY**

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871 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.**

**MAIL  
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Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's supply of KELPIDINE and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, to be sent to me postage prepaid. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

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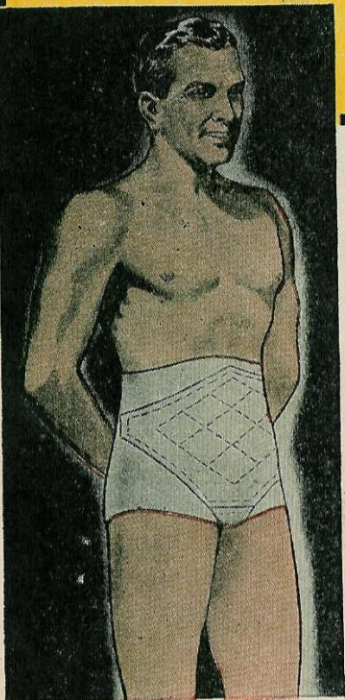
☐ I ENCLOSE \$2.00 SEND THE PLAN AND THREE MONTHS SUPPLY.



# THOUSANDS of MEN NOW

**Appear SLIMMER      Feel BETTER      Look YOUNGER**

**with Commander**  
**The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter**



**MAKE THIS TEST →  
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS  
AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN**

## Commander Wearers all over America Say—

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. S.  
Standish, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. G. C. S.  
St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

J. C. McG.  
St. Paul, Minn.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

P. N.  
Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

**SEND FOR IT TODAY—USE THIS COUPON**

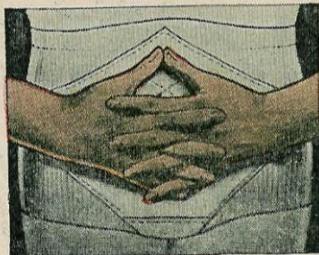
**10 DAY TRIAL  
SEND NO MONEY**

Wear COMMANDER ten days. If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

**ONLY  
\$2.98**

SIZES 28 to 47

SPECIAL LARGE SIZES 48 to 60, \$3.98



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Only COMMANDER contains this New principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of the COMMANDER. . . . In the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. **NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.**



## INTRODUCTORY TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. T3711

113 W. 57TH ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' Trial. I will pay postman the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure. . . . My height is. . . .  
(Send string the size of waist if measuring tape is not available.)

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . .

STATE . . . . .

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.